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THE BEQUEST OF
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1918

BRIEF SKETCH

OF

the life and character

OF

MRS. ELIZABETH ADAMS.

BY MOSES STUART.

ANDOVER:
PRINTED BY FLAGG AND GOULD.
1829.

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BRIEF SKETCH.

To cherish the memory of departed friends, is the natural consequence of affection for them. To call up afresh to our minds, the views and feelings which we have long and habitually entertained, in regard to their virtues, their kind offices to us, and their benevolence and beneficence toward others, and to dwell on the remembrance of these, after they who exhibited them have bid the world adieu, affords a kind of mournful pleasure to those, whose hearts are bleeding with the loss which they have sustained. So natural are these alleviations of the cup of sorrow, drunk by those who have been called to part with near and dear friends, that they are always instinctively resorted to in the hour of distress ; nor can all which has been said against obituary notices and funeral panegyrics in general, change the feelings and practice of such as come themselves to drink the bitter cup of sorrow to its dregs. It must be granted, however, by every sober and candid man, that much has been said, on the subject of extolling the merits and virtues of deceased friends, which is just. It must also be conceded, that every protestation against overcharging with colours a picture of this kind, deserves the strictest and most scrupulous attention. But after all, if to speak well of the dead, must of course be flattery or partial undistinguishing eulogy, then may the friends of those who were pious, and amiable, and benevolent, and who have

died in the Lord, suppress at once every feeling of nature which bids them dwell with melancholy pleasure on their virtues, and renounce all intention to communicate, even to their intimate friends and acquaintances, the views which they entertain and cherish of those who have been wrested by death from the arms of their affection.

But is this a duty? Is the abuse of a practice, by those who have been partial, or unenlightened, or who have had selfish ends in view, or whose conscience was not troubled by any scrupulous regard to exactness of truth in narration,—is this any good reason why those who are of a different spirit, or who have different ends in view, should not dwell on the memory of dear, departed friends, and speak also on a subject of such deep interest, to others who sympathize with them, and to whom the example of the deceased may be of great importance, in regard to the future, as well as the present world?

We may safely answer this question in the negative. At all events, the feelings of nature never have been, and never can be, so restrained by objections made against funeral panegyrics in general, that they will not overleap any narrow boundaries which may be prescribed for them. The heart, which is heaving and agonizing with the mighty tide of grief that is pouring from it, must find a vent, or it will burst. The God who formed our nature, and who remembers that we are but dust, has provided a way in which it may find some relief, and in which it always has spontaneously sought for it, and always will continue to seek it.

Christians are not called to renounce the feelings of humanity—the social sympathies which they, in common with all men, were designed to cherish. They may mourn. “Jesus wept.” *They may speak well of such as they love, and who, as they*

may rationally hope, have "died in the Lord." So did Paul and John ; so have the pious done, in every age. So will they always do ; for it will be—it must be—that "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

I have no design to make apologies for the present brief memoir. I have only expressed, almost unconsciously, the thoughts which spontaneously arise in my mind, as I sit down to the pleasing but mournful task of recording the qualities of one, who had a high place in the affectionate regard of me and mine.

As this memoir is intended only for the use of particular friends and acquaintances, of whom Mrs. Adams had so great a number, I may take the liberty, in the first place, to state in the simplest manner I can, and as an introduction to the sequel, some particulars in regard to her death, and the religious services which followed.

Her death took place on the 23d of Feb. 1829, after a severe and distressing illness of twenty days. Her remains were committed to the tomb the fourth day after this ; on which occasion funeral services were performed, as usual, at the house of the deceased. The weather was such, as to render it impossible that the funeral should be very numerously attended ; but such was the state of feeling, in regard to this occasion, that if it had been possible, there would have been a great concourse of people present. As it was, there was somewhat of a large procession to the grave. On the Sunday following, I preached a sermon, in some measure specially adapted to the occasion. The mourning friends of the deceased, who cherish an unusually tender regard for her memory, have since repeatedly expressed a wish that I would consent to the printing of my discourse ; or if I did not think this desirable, that I would at least concede the liberty of printing what was then said,

in reference to Mrs. Adams ; and this, in order that they might thus be enabled, in the most convenient way, to communicate to their friends and acquaintances, for their satisfaction, the views and feelings which are cherished here, respecting her whose loss they are called to mourn. I know not well how to deny a request in itself so reasonable ; and agreeably to their desires, after giving a very brief sketch of the nature of the sermon, which preceded the notice of Mrs. Adams, (which is all that I have thought it expedient to do in respect to it,) I shall extract what was then said in relation to her.

The text chosen for this occasion, was the passage of Scripture recorded in Heb. xii. 11 ; *No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby.* The first part of the sermon was occupied, with a description of the brevity, the uncertainty, and the unsatisfying nature of every pursuit and affection which is altogether worldly ; and with endeavouring to shew, that the pursuit of all the objects which earthly pleasure, or ambition, or avarice, can hold up to view, must end in disappointment, and in overwhelming sorrow and calamity. The inquiry was then made, whether our social feelings and affections can proffer, by indulgence in them, any better security for earthly happiness. A higher place was given to these, as to securing the object in question, than to either of the other pursuits, which, from their own nature, end in the destruction of health, or in the loss of all peace and quiet. But still, there are many disappointments, to which our social affections are exposed ; and some of these were brought to view. Sometimes they are directed toward objects, which prove to be unworthy of them ; and even when wisely and prudently directed, they are liable, every day and hour, to

disappointment and distress, by the death of those whom we love.

The inference drawn from all this, was, that the present world is not, and cannot be, our place of *rest*; and that the *promised land* must lie beyond the desert which we are traversing.

The inquiry was then made, What solace can be found for the woes of life, which are so numerous, pressing, and unavoidable? What relief can be obtained, when chastening comes, that "is not joyous but grievous?" The answers which the heathen moralists and philosophers have given to these important questions, were then briefly examined, and the unsatisfying nature of them pointed out. Revelation, it was affirmed, and revelation only, affords an answer which can light up with the joy of hope, the countenance of him who is agonizing under the sorrows of life. The Gospel does not require us to suppress the tender sympathies of our nature, nor to become insensible to the sorrows which assail us. It demands of us no more, than to guide them, to control them, and so to improve them, that they may yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto those who are exercised by them. The Gospel, too, affords the grateful, the only assurance, that *all our sufferings in this world, may be the means of spiritual good*, and thus prove to be nothing more than, as it were, blessings in disguise.

In order to confirm this view of the subject, the attempt was made to shew, (1) *That afflictions naturally have a direct tendency to wean us from the world.* As the great contest in every man's bosom, is, 'whether he shall love and serve the creature more than the Creator;' so that which removes the object of his worldly affection, mars his carnal pleasures, and blasts his earthly hopes, does tend, in its own nature, to arrest the

steps of him, who is going the downward and fearful road of the worldling.

It was remarked, (2) *That afflictions are adapted to excite us to seek after objects, which will bestow a more solid and lasting pleasure than the world can give.* Man is endued with inextinguishable desires for happiness of some kind or other ; and when his earthly sources fail him, and he is brought to see their transitory, deceptive, unsatisfying nature, then it may be hoped, that, as a rational being, he will inquire after something of a higher nature, than any thing which the world can bestow. This effect has not unfrequently been produced on worldlings ; it will always be produced, in a greater or less degree, upon the children of God.

It was observed, (3) *That afflictions, at least when borne by Christians, have a direct effect in subduing the selfish, aspiring, haughty feelings of nature, and to impart a meek, subdued, humble, and merciful temper of mind.* If philosophy cannot explain this, the experience of Christians can testify abundantly to the truth of it. Thousands and millions will bless God, through eternal ages, for the sorrows which his paternal hand inflicted upon them, during their state of probation. “Before they were afflicted, they went astray ; but afterward, they learned his commandments.”

Such are the outlines of the discourse, which preceded the extract that I am now to make. I transcribe it as it was delivered, without enlarging or abridging it, because the wishes of the mourning family are, to preserve it in the original form in which it was first addressed to them ; a wish very naturally connected with the sympathies of such an occasion. What is left unsaid by this extract, and which I think it desirable should be said on the present occasion, I shall add in the sequel.

“The general subject, which (as briefly as the course pursued would allow me to do) I have thus discussed, very naturally connects itself with the occasion on which this discourse is delivered. We see before us to day, my friends, those who are in deep affliction, and who are smarting under the rod of chastisement, exceedingly grievous in some respects—may I not add, comparatively light in some others? To them, clouds and darkness may appear, for the present, to be about the Almighty; but I trust they do still believe, that justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne forever.

It is not our usage here, on an occasion like the present, to enter into any minute historical account of the person who is deceased. Particulars of this nature, however interesting and desirable in themselves, rather belong to other times, and to other modes of communication than that from the pulpit. My own feelings are too deeply concerned with the present mournful occasion, to venture even on an attempt to pourtray at length the characteristics of her whom we mourn to day, or to pronounce in any formal manner her eulogy. To those who knew her, this would be superfluous; and to those who did not, it might not be the most satisfactory method of imparting a proper knowledge of her character. Her name, we do hope and trust, is written in records of higher authority than those from human hands; we do hope and trust, that it is written in the Lamb's book of life. If to have been an affectionate and dutiful wife, and a mother whose tender assiduities were never weary and never slept; if to have been, for a series of years, a professed and devoted disciple of Jesus; to have washed the saints' feet; *to have soothed the brow of anguish; to have watched over the*

sick and the dying ; to have wiped away the tear of the widow and the orphan ; to have diffused, on every side and in every way, the fruits of a kind, benevolent, compassionate spirit ; and all this in an unusual degree, and without the least parade or desire of being noticed in it ; if thus, like the Saviour, to have gone about doing good, and all in obedience (as we have satisfactory reasons for believing) to his commands ; if, in addition to all this, we have abundant testimony of a spirit resigned, cheerful, submissive to the will of God, deeply interested in all that pertains to the welfare and prosperity of the church on earth, in the conversion of sinners, in the publication of the gospel to the perishing heathen world, in all the means used to promote experimental piety in her own family, and among all around her ;—if *all* these be no grounds of hope that her name is written in heaven, and that no human records can bestow so high an honour on her memory as God has bestowed, then may our hopes be without foundation. But if these are evidences of a Christian and sanctified state, then may we be permitted to believe and trust, that our hopes are not vain, and that her labours of love in the Lord have not been in vain.

Her end was peaceful, like that which her life had led us to expect. Some hours before her departure, the powers of the soul seemed to be roused up to new action, as in anticipation of the happy change which it was about to undergo. The scene of parting with her husband and family, I shall not attempt to describe. Its sympathies have too much hold upon my feelings, to permit me to do it. I will only say, that the last words which she was heard to utter, were an ejaculation of the soul to that '*precious Saviour,*' who, she did hope, had redeemed her by his blood.

The agonies of dissolving nature are past, and her spirit

has bid adieu to all that was dear to her in the present world. We may mourn *our* loss; we cannot mourn *hers*. We cannot even wish her back. Is it not, must it not be, better 'to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord?'

The sympathies of her family may be imagined; they cannot be felt by others, who are strangers to her and her worth. They are too sacred to be dwelt on here, and too tender to be elicited afresh, on this occasion. When we bid them not to mourn as those who are without hope, we know they must understand our meaning. We do believe, that the rod under which they are now smarting, is wielded by the hand of love; and that he who knows our frame, will remember that they are but dust, in this agonizing hour. To his mercy we commend them. No arm but his can save. No power but his can reach their case. Men and angels are inadequate to count their groans, to measure their sorrows, and to pour into their bosoms that stream of consolation, which will fill them with a peace, that the world can neither give nor take away.

To that Saviour, whose name their dying friend invoked, we commend them. May that tender compassion with which his bosom is filled, be exercised toward them! May their present sorrows, which are grievous to the frail natures that we possess, produce hereafter the peaceable fruits of righteousness; and with their dying breath, when they shall be summoned to meet, in another world, the departed friend whom they now mourn, may they, like her, call on that 'precious Saviour' whom they have loved and obeyed; through him, triumph over the fears and pains of nature struggling with the grasp of death; and then meet—meet to part no more—the glorious spirit that has taken its flight before them, and join the ransomed of the Lord, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, in that

world where no sickness, nor distress invades ; where is no more pain, nor death ; where the Lord God himself shall wipe away all tears from every eye, and sighing and sorrow forever flee away !”

The friends of the deceased will readily perceive, by this extract, that at least the writer of it held her in high estimation as a friend, a neighbour, and a Christian. Such is truly the case ; and he can with confidence add, that he is not only not alone in such an opinion, but that he knows of none who differ from him, in regard to the subject in question. It may be proper, now, to add some particulars which he did not think it expedient to introduce into the funeral sermon ; in which the numerous friends and acquaintance of the deceased, may be rationally supposed to feel an interest.

Mrs. ELIZABETH ADAMS was born on the 19th of March 1776, in Windham, Conn., where her parents, Gamaliel and Judith Ripley, lived and died.

She was well instructed, in early years, by her pious parents, as to the great doctrines of religion and duties of life. She was brought up to be habitually conversant with domestic economy ; and by early experience and the instructions of an excellent mother, she was well prepared for active and useful life.

At the age of twenty two she was married to Mr. John Adams of Canterbury, Conn., now Principal of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

Mrs. Adams was the mother of eleven children. Her eldest son, aged two years, died in Plainfield, Conn., where Mr. Adams resided about three years, as Rector of the Academy there, *until he was appointed Preceptor of Bacon Academy in Col-*

chester, Conn. From this last place he removed to Phillips Academy, Andover, in the spring of 1810, where he has been teaching to the present time. The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Adams, aged about eleven months, died in Andover. Nine of their children still survive.

Mrs. Adams had the happiness, before her decease, (a happiness few could prize higher than she did,) of seeing *six* of these the professed disciples of Christ ; a happiness, I may add, which none but a pious parent can fully appreciate, and which, to such an one, is beyond what any words can express.

Favoured with religious instruction from her tenderest years, Mrs. A., even in early life, manifested a serious regard for the word of God, and the great truths and doctrines of revelation. In 1804, being then in her 28th year, she united herself with the first church in Colchester, Conn., under the pastoral care of Rev. Salmon Cone. But this public profession of religion she did not make, until after a long struggle between her fears and her conviction of duty. She was one of those persons, who act slowly and cautiously in regard to an undertaking so solemn in its nature, and so important in its consequences, as a public profession of religion. She was retiring and diffident in conversation, with regard to her own personal feelings and experience ; and such were the views which she habitually cherished of her own unworthiness and short comings in duty, that it was seldom indeed, if ever, that she ventured directly to express her own hopes in regard to herself ; still less did she claim the confidence of others in her good estate.

Those characteristics remained, in a great degree, through all her subsequent life. It was seldom that she directly made her own personal feelings the subject of conversation. There *was a kind of* spontaneous retiring or shrinking from this, as

though it would be either claiming or professing too much. But nothing was more evident, to those who knew her well, than that many of the inquiries which she made on religious subjects, (divesting them of all *personal* reference,) were made on her own account, and the answers were sought by her, in relation to her own case. The tone of voice in which the questions were asked, the looks by which they were accompanied, the deep and solemn attention with which the answers were heard, all betokened a personal interest that was of no ordinary nature. The writer of this, has often heard questions of the description here mentioned, on a great variety of experimental topics in religion, asked by her with a solicitude which left him no room to doubt the ultimate object of them ; and while endeavouring to answer such inquiries, he has been more than ordinarily interested in his efforts, by the serious, the animated, and attentive looks and demeanour of the inquirer.

The same characteristics which the above particulars disclose, were manifested in various other ways. No one was ever more punctual in attendance on the worship of God in the sanctuary, in the family, and in the closet, (as her most intimate friends have the best reason for believing,) than Mrs. Adams. In addition to all this, religious conference meetings of every kind, in public and in private ; little circles for prayer, reading, the instruction of children, or other benevolent purposes ; were all attended by her with the greatest punctuality. Nothing but ill-health, or absolute necessity, ever created in her mind an adequate ground of excuse for absence from them. Seldom, if ever, can any one be met with, who will appear to take more interest or more satisfaction than she did, in all the means of religious improvement and devotion which are of such a nature *as those just mentioned*. Yet such was her diffidence in regard

to herself, and her own attainments in religion, that she usually declined to take an *active* part, in the devotional duties of the larger, female praying circles which she frequented ; although she often took such a part in small ones, with which she also associated. I do not mention this, because I think it one of her virtues, that she carried her diffidence to such an extent. Plainly this cannot be a rule of duty for all females ; and it would be very undesirable, that all should regard it as such. But in Mrs. Adams, with a temperament and feelings and views such as she possessed, and situated as she was, it cannot be viewed as a matter of offence or doubt in regard to her Christian character, that she declined to take an active part, in the devotions of the larger female circles. Much, however, as I cherish her memory, and fully persuaded as I am that her piety was deep, ardent, and solid, I cannot think, on the whole, that she judged rightly as to her duty here ; but I am fully persuaded that she meant to do so, and that her heart was greatly interested in the objects to be answered by meetings of this nature. It must ever be pleasing indeed, to see females cherish a retiring, modest, unassuming spirit, such as she had ; but in regard to the particular now in question, I must hope, and do devoutly wish, that others may not be influenced by her example.

Notwithstanding her feelings in regard to performing an active part in social devotions, yet still, no religious circle, whether in public or private, ever had a more attentive member than Mrs. Adams was. No preacher could ever be dull, with an audience before him giving such an attention as she gave. From the beginning to the end of a sermon, her eye was fixed on the speaker ; and her countenance, unconsciously to herself, *disclosed* in the plainest manner all the various agitations and

sympathies of her soul with the subject that was discussed. It was in this way, rather than by words, that she disclosed the state of her mind and feelings, in regard to the various topics of religion. If *actions* speak louder than *words*; if we may know the characters of men by the fruits they produce; then may we cherish a strong and cheerful hope, that 'a good work was begun in her soul, which was carried on, and will be consummated in the day of the Lord Jesus.'

As a *wife* and a *mother*, it would be difficult to do justice to her character. No wife could be more a help meet for her husband, than she for hers. The exhausting duties of his station, which so often drink up the spirits of even the most robust and healthy, rendered it very desirable that he should have an associate on whom he could cast a part, and sometimes a large part, of the cares and burdens of bringing up a numerous family, and of overseeing many of his domestic concerns. In the most ample manner, did he enjoy this privilege. Among the first to rise in the house, and the last to retire, Mrs. Adams always saw that every thing was in its place, and that all was proceeding as it should do. The attentions of this kind which she paid, are too numerous and minute to be described, and can only be prized and felt by those who have enjoyed them, or by those who need them. Always kind, affectionate, dutiful, punctual in her domestic duties, and vigorous in the prosecution of them; blest with unshaken health until a short period before her death, and almost enthusiastic in her devotedness to her family concerns; Mrs. Adams was a treasure to her husband, the loss of which, his mourning looks and deep-drawn sighs plainly tell us, can never be repaired.

As a *mother*, what can I say that will do justice to her example? Her children know her value, and (I had almost said)

too deeply feel it. The assiduities of tender care, of watchfulness, in sickness and in health ; the deep and unceasing anxiety for their spiritual and temporal good ; the kind regard always paid to their wants and inclinations, even in cases where they sometimes needed to be checked ; all these have left an impression on them which no time can erase, and which never will be remembered but with gratitude. The joy too which her maternal heart experienced, (and to which I have already adverted,) when so many of them came to acknowledge their Lord and Saviour, in a public manner, shewed, that as immortal beings her children had been the objects of her unceasing prayer, and of her highest regard. May her death prove to be the happy means, of bringing all her beloved children to that faith and hope, which cheered her dying hours, and opened a passage of light through the dark valley of the shadow of death !

In regard to the social character of Mrs. Adams, or the relation in which she stood to others, her example, (as has been distinctly intimated in the extract made above from the funeral sermon,) was such an one as might be held up to the world, to her distinguished honour. Where have been the sick and the dying, in her neighbourhood, for the nineteen years that she has lived in this circle, who have not been watched over and comforted by her ? Of the twenty that lie buried in the cemetery attached to the Institutions here, (several of whom died before Mrs. Adams came to this place,) thirteen were watched over in their last sickness, and attended in their last hours, by her. All, without distinction, were the objects of her benevolence and compassion. She 'went about doing good.' It was literally so, and so to an extent altogether unusual. She was not only a member of all the various charitable, benevolent, Education and

Missionary Societies, here and in this neighbourhood, but she was an active, efficient member. In particular, the Graham, and the Samaritan Societies, have lost in her one of their brightest ornaments and most active and zealous members; and the Corban Society one of their most efficient agents. The poor, whom 'we have with us always,' she always remembered. Nor will they ever forget, what she has so often and so unwearyingly done for them.

In her relation to the students of the various Academies, which have been taught by her husband, one might well characterize her by saying, that she has been "a Mother in Israel." The uniform kindness, benevolence, readiness to aid them, and efforts to render them cheerful, comfortable, and happy, which she has exhibited, will not cease to be remembered by the numerous and widely scattered pupils, who have at various times been under the care of her husband.

In regard to her social character, in the circle of her friends; she was cheerful, affable, always kind and obliging, and in all respects such a person as is adapted to promote lasting harmony and friendship, among families who live within the circle of the same neighbourhood.

But the mournful pleasure of recalling her excellencies to memory, is betraying me to go beyond the bounds of just measure in dwelling upon them. I must withdraw my hand, and hasten to the closing scene of her life, which although in general terms already described, yet since it will be a subject of particular interest and inquiry to her friends and acquaintance, it must be here more fully developed.

I shall give a view of it almost entirely in the words of her mourning husband, from whom I have requested a particular

account of it, and which account I do not feel myself able to amend. His description of the parting scene is as follows.

“Mrs. Adams was blessed with excellent health, until within about two years before her decease. During this period, she was often violently seized with an affection of the liver. Every attack seemed to impair her constitution, and to leave her in a more feeble state. She was last attacked, on Tuesday night the 3d of Feb. On Wednesday evening, after her pain and distress had in some good measure subsided, her pulse sunk away, and she was thought to be near her end. On Thursday, however, she revived, and was able to converse freely about herself and family. Wishing all other persons in her chamber to retire for a few minutes, she took an affectionate leave of her husband, asked him to pray with her, and entreated him to forgive all her indiscretions; and when answered by him that she was guilty of none, and that no wife was ever more affectionate, or more desirous of promoting the happiness of her husband, than herself, she replied, with a look and a tone of voice which cannot be described—“Ah no! I have often been guilty of what *you* may call *little* indiscretions; but they do not appear so to *me*; will you forgive me?”

For several days after this, she continued very much in the same state, except that she was daily becoming weaker. She enjoyed her reason perfectly, except in a few instances when suffering under paroxysms of fever. Sabbath night, the 22d of February, she was seized with ague, followed by distressing pain and laborious breathing. About 3 o'clock on Monday morning, she was relieved somewhat from her distress, but her pulse began again to sink away, and death was evidently approaching.

She was conscious of her situation, and knew that she was dying. She desired her best and last love to be given to her three children, then absent from home at a great distance; and continued to speak of her family. Her husband, supposing that she was wishing to take her leave of them, said, "My dear, you must commit yourself and your family to God." She replied, "I do! I do!" He then read to her the following hymn.

Ye fleeting charms of earth, farewell!
 Your springs of joy are dry;
 My soul now seeks another home,
 A brighter world on high.

Farewell, ye friends, whose tender care
 Has long engaged my love;
 Your fond embrace I now exchange,
 For better friends above.

Cheerful I leave this vale of tears,
 Where pains and sorrows grow;
 Welcome the day that ends my toil,
 And every scene of woe.

No more shall sin disturb my breast,
 My God shall frown no more;
 The streams of love divine shall yield
 Transports unknown before.

Fly, then, ye interposing days,
 Lord, send thy summons down!
 The hand that strikes me to the dust,
 Shall raise me to a crown.

After the reading was concluded, she immediately replied, "Good! very good!" The second stanza was read to her a second and a third time, which seemed to express for her, just what she had herself been labouring to express. A few minutes before the scene was closed, her husband again said, "My

dear, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ ?” With a diffidence characteristic of herself, she answered, “ I *did* know him.” “ This,” replied he, “ is a time of need ; can you not *now* put your trust in him ?” “ I can, I do,” was the answer.

Two minutes before she breathed her last, he said to her, “ Your struggle will soon be over.” Upon this, she raised both her hands in a supplicating manner, which for hours had been moistened with the cold sweat of death, and said distinctly, “ I am ready ! I am ready ! Sweet Jesus ! ” These were her last words. She fell asleep, ten minutes before six, on Monday morning, February 23d, 1829.

“ Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord ! ”

To this exclamation, flowing spontaneously from the almost bursting heart of her affectionate husband, one may well add ; “ Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them ! ”

Shall the afflicted family, who have thus sustained an irreparable loss, mourn for her who has left them ? Shall other surviving friends, who sympathize with them, bedew her grave with tears ? For *her* they cannot mourn ; for *themselves* they may well indulge in sorrow. Their loss is great. But Heaven knows what is best for them ; and it is their duty, one and all to say, ‘ Thy will, O God, be done ! ’

It now remains for them, and for all who may read this sketch of her life and character, to imitate those virtues which she exhibited, and to adorn, as she did, the respective stations which they may occupy, by untiring diligence, and never ceasing labours of love. May her example serve to excite in them

stronger desires and more persevering resolutions to act in this manner ; and may they, on a dying bed, be supported by consolations such as we trust she enjoyed !

To our families in this immediate neighbourhood, who have most of us been nineteen years united in the business of instructing in the Institutions here, or of superintending in some way their concerns, while but a single breach has been made upon any one head of a family, this providence affords a most serious and affecting admonition. The time is near, when, in the course of nature, breach upon breach must be made. Whose turn next will come, God only knows. But that all must speedily follow, is plainly certain. May each of us ask with becoming solicitude, ‘ Lord, is it I ? ’ And when the summons arrives that bids us depart, may we be able to say, with cheerful resignation, ‘ Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ! ’

Thus have I imperfectly discharged the mournful duty, which the present occasion demanded of me. I have only spoken the feelings of my heart—my sincere convictions and belief. If any are disposed to ask, Where then are the *faults* of her whom you mourn ? I answer, Faults, no doubt, she had ; but they were not such as forced themselves on the notice of her friends, and were concealed by the lustre of her virtues. I have not named and characterized them, because I do not know them. To him ‘ who seeth not as man seeth,’ they are known, whatever they may be ; and his mercy, I do believe and trust, has washed them away by redeeming blood.

If this tribute to the memory of one so dear to her own family, to me and mine, and to others around us, shall fall into the hands of any, who may think the picture too highly charged with colours, I have only to say, that a nearer contemplation of ~~the~~ *original* would have fully persuaded them, that such is not

the case. I will add only, that my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that the number of wives and mothers—of Christians and members of the social circle—in our land and elsewhere, who shall fulfil their duties like the subject of this memoir, may be a thousand and a thousand times multiplied ! Should this be the case, the church may expect to see better days, and the world happier times, than have yet been witnessed.

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